Support the Magazine Drive

The Cee Ay

By the Students of Columbia Academy

May Devotions June Vacation

Volume 9 | Dubuque, Iowa April 29, 1932 | Number 14

SIX CEE-AY STAFF MEMBERS MERIT AWARDS

Field Mass Opens Music Week Here

Massed School Bands To Give Anticipated Program

A parochial and public school band festival in the Loras Hall gymnasium will herald the opening of Dubuque's celebration of Music Week. This spectacular event has been made possible by the cooperation of Prof. C. B. Righter, head of the musical activities in the University of Iowa, who has offered his services to direct this large gathering of bands.

His Excellency, the Most Rev. Francis J. Beckman, will pontificate at a Solemn High field Mass to officially open Music Week while fifteen thousand parochial school children sing the Mass of the Angels. This ceremony, which has been the custom of previous Music Week's will take place in front of the Loras Hall gymnasium at 11 o'clock Sunday.

To Excell Former Records

From recent reports of the chairmen of Music Week boards, the events will equal if not surpass those of last year's celebration. An attempt to bring closer together all the people of Dubuque is manifested in the field Mass, the massed choirs, and the group of bands. The events to be presented during Music Week in accordance with the schedule thus far arranged are:

Saturday evening, April 30, the School Band Festival.

Sunday morning, May 1, the Field Mass.

Monday evening, May 2, Dubuque Symphony Orchestra.

(Continued on page 8)

Choir and Quartet Join in Music Week

The Academy Choir and the Triple Quartet will participate in the National Music Week celebration, held at the college gymnasium during the first week of May, according to an announcement made by Father Kelly.

Along with some fifteen hundred parochial school children, these organizations will sing at the Open Air Mass at 11 o'clock Sunday morning, May 1.

On Friday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Parochial School Program, the Triple Quartet will sing several popular selections, including: "To a Wild Rose" and "Mighty Like a Rose."

The Triple Quartet, recently organized by Father Kelly, is making splendid progress and a very creditable showing is expected from it.

ELOCUTION CONTEST WILL BE STAGED ON SUNDAY NIGHT, MAY 15

The finals of the Annual Elocution Contest of Columbia Academy will be held on Sunday evening, May 15.

The six participants who have proven their ability in either the Oratorical, Humorous or Dramatic Divisions are John Becker '33, Bert McQuillen '33, William Poinsett '32, and Harry Ryan '32, all of Dubuque, and James Supple '32 of Chicago, and Richard Sweeney '32 of Hinton, Iowa.

The program will begin at 8:00 o'clock. The decision of the judges will be announced after selections of the speakers have been concluded.

Magazine Drive To Open Monday; Missions Benefit

A magazine drive for the benefit of the missions will be launched by the day students of the Academy next Monday, Father Churchill announced yesterday.

Such a drive is staged each year by the city students, under the direction of the seniors, for the Propagation of the Faith Society and other mission activities, thus turning to good service the funds derived from magazines and books otherwise classified as waste material.

A number of teams, headed by fourth academics, will be formed for gathering the material, and each day student will be affiliated with a team. Father Churchill said the names of the different groups would be posted as soon as possible, and he asked that each student interest himself and his friends in the movement to aid the missions.

Students Have Free Day

All the students of the Academy enjoyed their annual spring holiday yesterday. The free day was given so the boys could relax and do something to get the "spring fever" out of their systems. Golf, baseball, tennis, horseshoe and hiking all claimed their devotees.

Printing of Cinema Started Wednesday

Yearbook Has Novel Features; Pictures Are Attractive

Printing was started on the "Cinema" last Wednesday, according to an announcement made by Father Patnode. The yearbook is expected to be finished and ready for distribution by the middle of May.

There has been considerable work done on the Cinema during the past two weeks. The winners of the Essay, Short Story and Verse Contests and the class baseball teams were photographed. All the articles and write-ups have been completed and turned in.

Pictures Are Novel

The Cinema is filled with many novel and clever setups. This year's Gubs basketball squad is swung in a huge bushel basket which is held by Coach Cretzmeyer and Father Coyne; the Cee Ay Staff has one of its own issues to form a background for its picture; the gridiron squad is pictured as bursting out of a football; and the group pictures all have their individual set-ups.

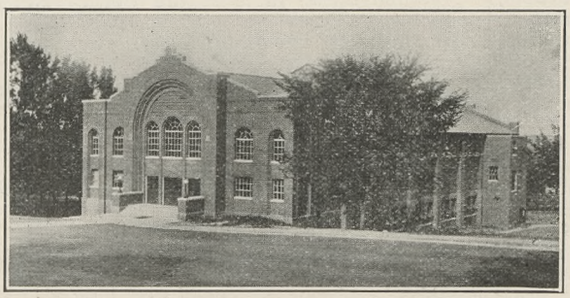
There are only one hundred and ten students who have paid in full for the year-book; Father Patnode urgently requests that all who have not yet paid should do so as soon as they are able so that the work can be completed as rapidly as possible.

A Good Friend Lost

Funeral services were held in St. Raphael's Cathedral last Tuesday morning for Joseph J. Nagle, prominent citizen and outstanding Catholic layman of Dubuque, who died suddenly a week ago.

Mr. Nagle was always a good friend to Columbia, and the Academy shared yearly in his generous benefactions.

The Cee-Ay offers the sympathy of Columbians to the bereaved family.



GYMNASIUM OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE
One of Centers for Music Week Programs

QUILL AND SCROLL AND CATHOLIC PRESS GIVE JOURNALISM HONORS

Six members of the retiring staff of **The Cee Ay** will receive honor awards for their outstanding work on the paper during the past year, according to an announcement made yesterday by the staff adviser, Father Churchill.

The granting to three students, John O'Rourke of Dubuque, James Supple of Chicago, and Richard Sweeney of Hinton, Iowa, of the gold key emblematic of the Honor Award of the Catholic School Press Association, has been authorized by J. L. O'Sullivan, national director of the Association; three other boys, Walter Tekippe of Fort Atkinson, Iowa, and Anthony Lang and William Most, both of Dubuque, have been approved by the International Secretary, George H. Gallup, for admission into **Quill and Scroll**, the International Honorary Society for High School Journalists.

Service Is Recognized

The Honor Award of the Catholic School Press Association, like that of Quill and Scroll, is intended to be a recognition of outstanding service to the school in the publication field, just as the monogram is a recognition of service in athletics.

Editors Are All-Around Men

Supple and O'Rourke, the first Columbia students chosen to receive this award, were named for their excellent work as co-editors during the past year. They shared responsibility for the management and make-up of the paper and the assignment and supervision of staff members. Both are excellent columnists, having edited the **Columbians Chat Corner** regularly and occasionally contributed special articles, poems, essays or stories.

(Continued on page 8)

Band Will Play In Music Week Program

The Academy Band, under the direction of Samuel Dovi, will participate in Dubuque's celebration of Music Week in the Parochial School Band Contest, Saturday afternoon, April 30. As a contest number it will play "Land of Romance" by Gerald Frazee.

The Band will also take part in the School Band Festival Saturday evening.

Tuesday afternoon, May 3, at one p. m. a street concert will be given.

On Friday evening, May 6, the Band will play in the Parochial Music Program. The program will open with the "Star Spangled Banner" and close with "Holy God, We Praise They Name." The numbers to be played by the Band are: "Chicago World's Fair", "Youth Triumphant Overture," and the College Medley.

The Cee Ay

PUBLISHED BI-WEEKLY BY THE STUDENTS OF COLUMBIA ACADEMY, DUBUQUE, IOWA

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CIRCULATION MANAGERS

Nugent McAndrews '33 Robert Schwaegler '33
Jerome Ungs '34

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How Do You Stand?

What have YOU done to make the school paper a success? How many contributions have YOU made to the Cee Ay? Have you really done anything to make your school paper more appealing and more interesting? After asking themselves these questions most Columbia students will find that they have done little or nothing along these lines. Why is this? Is not **The Cee Ay** your paper?

When you have a suggestion which you think might prove beneficial to the school or the paper, hand it in as an editorial. Let others view your ideas and consider them with you. If any of the organizations of the school are doing especially good work, write it up and encourage the organization. If you know of any thing of interest to the school, put your reasons and ideas on paper. If they are well founded they will receive due consideration. From now on let every student contribute at least one write-up a year. If you do not care to write an editorial or news story, hand in material suitable for the humor column. But no matter what line you are gifted in, do not fail to do your part in contributing to the Cee Ay.

Will Columbia Be Represented

The National Spiritual Leadership Convention for high school students will be held in Chicago this year on June 24, 25, 26. Its purpose is three days of intensive Catholic Action to instill into the students an appreciation of their religious education, and a sense of religious leadership.

These conventions train students to become better Catholic leaders, leaders who are not afraid to voice their opinion on national questions, leaders who use to the utmost their Catholic education for the betterment of national conditions and for the saving of souls. In former years those conventions were composed of the best young Catholic men and women in the country. This year the assemblage is expected to be even finer because the movement has now grown to maturity.

What Columbians will attend?

A Right or a Privilege?

Forty pupils whose indifference to their studies caused them to fail in from three to five courses last term will be dropped from Asbury Park High School, Asbury Park, N. J., because in the words of Amos E. Kraybill, superintendent of schools, "They are wasting their time, their teachers' time and the taxpayers' money." The board of education decided to dismiss the offenders, regardless of probable repercussions.

Presumably this move is the last resort, adopted only after other methods, such as individual interviews and the investigation of home conditions, have failed to put the student on the right track. But doesn't it also herald the adoption of a new attitude toward high school education? Is the high school, instead of being a place where every one has the right to spend his time while complying with the compulsory attendance laws, now to become a haven of opportunity for those who prove themselves worthy of the privilege?

We Could Stand It Too

Trouble brews all over the world. Not to be outdone by the Japanese, Lincoln High School, Ferndale, Mich., declared war on tardiness. Faculty members will listen to no overtures for peace until all students become "punctuality conscious." Wouldn't we have a jolly bunch of volunteers for such a war!

First Prize Verse--Sylvia

(A Monody, inspired by the death of a friend.)

Once more the touch of Spring is in the air,
And Nature dons her dainty vernal robe
To greet the sun, as poised on high, he sheds
His genial warmth in mellowing rays
Upon the earth, to rouse each sleeping plant
From slumber's spell. At night the crescent moon
Swings low, and tilts upon her feather shaft
To fill each thirsting flower-cup brimful
Of manna-dew, while night birds lade the air
With lilting melody.

With quickened pulse the surging life-blood flows
Through ev'ry vein. The verdant hills and dells,
O'ergrown with flowers of every hue,
Gladden the hearts of all who wander there.
'Tis I alone am sad. For me there is
No happy note in Nature's glad refrain.
Sylvia is dead! The fairest bloom of earth
Never again will greet the warm Spring sun
Or feel the gentle zephyrs on her cheek.

The dying leaves were rustling in the wind,
When she was rudely plucked from out my hand;
Then did they fall and range in arched heap
Upon the new-made grave, as if to heal
The wound on Nature's breast.
'Tis well they did.
No art by man or nature yet designed,
Can ease my pain or heal my wounded heart.
The mark of sorrow I will bear with me
Till death. Fain would I leave this joyless spot,
And haste away to some forgotten glen,
Where darkling leaves on sylvan bars,
O'erhung with poisoned vines of leaden hue,
Would shut the light of day forever
From my tear-dimmed eyes. There would I weep,
And weeping hope for swift release
From mortal pain. This boon withheld, perchance
Some wand'ring Muse, a friend or tear-stained kin
Of sad Melpomene, seeing
My soul's distress, would feel a tinge of pity,
And haply be moved to give a touch
Of mellow music to my dissonant wail.

Then would I begin in low mournful tones
A funereal dirge; then gently rise
In pulsing chords of rarest harmony,
Till all the craggy peaks and echoing hills
Would ring with the flooding melodies of
Sylvia's Requiem. Thus in mournful chant
Would I do honor to her memory.

But No! It cannot be. Here must I stay
To nurse the slender, graceful lilies,
That I have lately placed upon her grave.
They are the symbols of my cherished hope,
That I may see their tender buds on regal stems,
Break forth in petalled crests on Easter morn;
Raising their clear white trumpets to the skies,
In sweet accord,
To bid my sleeping love, Arise.

—Walter Tekippe '32

Columbians Chat Corner

Hello Everybody! (With apologies to the dear old copyright owners Floyd Gibbons and Kate Smith).

In the event that anyone is interested (which they aren't), this column has changed hands. It will, however, be a continuation of the "same old line" our predecessors have been feeding you. Grin and bear it!

The pen name of your new columnist is John Nemo (Are you up on your Latin?). In the grandiose style of our predecessors we will offer to the first gentleman who correctly guesses who we are a shiny new dime. (A good way to prevent hoarding.)

Since we were careful to mention the qualifying phrase "first **gentleman**", we have little fear of losing our Rockefeller souvenir.

Quick! Duck!!

News Flash!!! Bill Elwanger, our aspiring young reporter states: "I want to be editor." Yeah, and maybe the editor wants to be President of the Academy.

In case it's the nomination you want, Bill, we can give you that and even be generous enough to second it. Don't forget, however, that delegates have voted for Andy Gump and Will Rogers at the Democratic National Convention already.

We repeat: "In the spring a young man's fancies lightly turns to love." View, for instance, the nocturnal amours of Mr. Dan Tierney. Consult Mr. Koob for details.

This rising generation! Tsk! Tsk

Oh-h-h- Henry!

Quick! The Flit!

DRESS PARADE

Melvin Nicks, "Fat". If actions speak louder than words, Fat must be one of the Smith Brothers. They ought'a rub their chin too! Fat is a basketball and football letterman and always says: "Drive up Althauser, John, and we'll give 'em a honk."

William Baxter, "Bo-Bo"; this small gentleman is a calm fellow, with little to worry about. In spite of his size he is very athletic and looks down on most studies, except Physics which he really enjoys.

Robert Kies, "Bob", can always be located by saying, "up near the Visitation." Bosom pal of two-gun Kelly on his nocturnal rambles, and co-partner to his unearthly crimes. In favor of more K. C. dances where you dance free, eat free, and go home alone.

Joseph Kelly, "Joe". This beaming lad with a cheery word for everyone is the man who invented the word "optimistic". Always beckoning to Kies or Kisting, and believes in old-fashioned card games (Old Maid and Bridge for instance).

Lawrence Willging, "Lil" friend of Corpstein's and a silent man, poetry writer. Lil is an intramural athlete and could tell lots about the private lives of certain people if he wanted to.

Andrew Pohl, "Andy". This droll individual is generally seen with "Popeye" McCabe, and enjoys Physics immensely. Andy has such wonderful logic that he astounds the professors, who really ought to be convinced by his earnest jokes.

Leo Grommersch, "Leo". A strong silent man from Dubuque. He says little, absorbs a great deal and is nearly always on the Honor Roll.

Francis Kelly, "Reddie". He is one of these Wisconsin "cannibals". He is sedate but occasionally becomes puerile due to the McDonald influence.

Robert McMahon, "Bob". Robert is one of those tall lanky Dubuquers. He is passionately found of oratory and "adores" football when it isn't too rough.

Urban Hauer, "Urbie". Quiet, reserved, but oh my! They say he's different wtih the other sex. Is very studious for a sideline.

Lord, That I May See

I gazed into the great beyond
To seek an answer to hopes so fond.
When an old man said to me,
"Do thy work, and thou shalt see."

Again I looked to the great beyond
Across the meadow and o'er the pond;
And a little bird chirped to me,
"Love thy neighbor and thou shalt see."

A third time I peered toward the great beyond
To seek in heaven some earthly bond;
And a good priest said to me,
"Love the Lord, and thou shalt see."

At last I stood near the judgment seat;
He tallied off sins, as was meet,
And after, he turned and said to me,
"Come, my child, that you may see."

—John O'Rourke '32

THE RIVER

In the springtime when it rains
The river moans;
But not from pains,
As the human heart groans.

But from its heavy load
Of silt and sand,
That it collected on its road
Down through the valley land.

—Quintin Conlon '32

Rendezvous

"Time and tide wait for no man, but man always waits for a woman. Seven-thirty. An unwritten law must force all of the feminine species to be tardy. Nothing but the knowledge of law breaking could keep Helen away on such an occasion. If I close my eyes and say the alphabet slowly, she might appear before me when I open them; a, b, c, d— —

"Seven-forty-five. Why should I stand here as if I were rooted to the spot? Is it worth it? Yes. The sight of her is equal to centuries of waiting. Ah! The first star. Star light, star bright— —

"Seven-fifty. I'm through. After all I am not married to the girl. If I only were! There is only one improvement I'd make. She would learn to be more punctual.

"Eight sharp. I wonder if Jim is beating my time? She promised that she would be prompt. Her promises are broken as easily as they are made. Fickle creature! I'll count to ten, then I'll be on my way; one, two, three — —

"Eight-five. Something might have happened to her. One of these crazy drivers might have crashed into her. I wish that I knew. The idea of her being in trouble bothers me. May the powers in heaven protect her! I'll wait until doomsday.

"Eight-ten. Gee it's a gorgeous night. That moon! Those stars! What is the use of a night like this when the girl is missing? What in the world is keeping her?

"Eight-twenty. She'd exhaust the patience of Job. 'Wait! Wait! Wait!' After this we'll have and understanding that I'll wait five minutes and no longer. I'll have her know that I am to be given more consideration. After five more cars pass, I'll leave this spot to some other sucker.

"Good evening, Helen. No, I haven't been waiting long. I just got here myself."

—William Ellwanger '33

Second Prize Story--Utrum Annon

In one of the quiet little nooks which dot the tumbling, conglomeratic hill chains of Iowa, still fresh from the touch of the Creator, lies the little farming town of Westville. The spreading chestnuts and great drooping elms form an almost solid verdant roof, broken occasionally by patches of caerulean blue, through which the crystal Summer's sun penetrates, painting a checkerboard on the ground, with anthill rooks, and grasshopper knights in unordered design. The setting sun outlines in fire a rocky turret, from whose edge an ancient cedar keeps solitary guard, and lifts its barren crags to the heavens, like the night prayer of the Red-man to Waconda. At the base of the hill castle lie quilted plains, rich with golden maize, and between them run rippling rivulets, seeking rest in the great Father of Waters.

Ted Franck, a simple country youth (not simple in the intellectual sense, for he had graduated the preceeding June from Columbia College, but filled with that beautiful simplicity which is the result of innocence of the world's complex evils) walked up to the Westville postoffice and asked for his mail. Upon receiving it, he placed it in his pocket and returned to his father's farm in a somewhat superannuated Ford. As the hour was near sunset, he did not pause to read a missive addressed to himself until he was on his way to drive the cattle home for the night. The following was the content of the letter:

Dear Theodore:

Doubtlessly you remember Miss Brooks, whom you met last summer. I have an excellent proposition to make to you, which I know will please you greatly. Only recently I concluded, through one of my agents, an alliance with Brooks & Company, one of our former competitors. You must marry Miss Brooks at once, because I am fearful of the permanency of our agreement unless some firmer common bond is established between our firms. As this agreement is very profitable to our company, I will give you, as a compensation, a half share in the business. Write your consent at once.

Yours lovingly,
Uncle John.

"What a proposition!" thought Ted. "That Miss Brooks is about the same as most rich girls—could never get anywhere without her money—but I guess I could overlook that. I wonder if he means it. If he hadn't suggested a possibility of such a thing to me last Summer, I would think he were trying to play a joke on me; but my Uncle isn't the sort to trifle—the business world has an alphabet of two letters—$ and c.

"I wonder if I should take it. I have always wanted to live in a great city—bright lights, a partnership, wealth: everything I need to be happy. I guess I'd better do it; I may never get such a chance as this again; and it really is not wrong to marry for that. Yes, I'll take it, I'll write at once, and I'm off for a good time!" A flock of Bank Swallows flew noisily by, jabbering merrily. Ted started a little, and then resumed, "You are happy. Why can't I be too?" Over in the copse, an Oven Bird fluttered up to its nest, calling loudly, "Tee-cher, Tee-cher." The small voice in Ted's heart began to speak more loudly now. He made a great physical effort to quiet it, and than muttered, "Those pesky birds; someone ought to 'Tee-cher' them to keep quiet. They get on my nerves. They're so dumb. I'll go tomorrow and have some fun; I owe it to myself after being shut up in such terrible seclusion as this. Why should I try to find pleasure here among the thistles, just because it isn't the best morals to—". A noisy yellow Goldfinch darted up and down a short distance off. Ted became more annoyed. Finally it alighted on a great Canada Thistle and proceeded to make a meal upon its seeds, gushing an overflow of melody all the while.

Ted was almost frantic. "Oh! Confound it! I can't do it," he sobbed;" even the birds conspire to forbid it. Yes", he said, quieting, "St. Francis was right when he called the birds his brothers, for they are wiser than we. Happiness and pleasure are not synonomous. Didn't Father ——— always say that the measure of a civilization is the happiness of its people? God has sent these light-hearted birds to show me that happiness is given only to those who are wise enough to seek it where it seems least likely to be found." Ted was considerably changed now, as if by magic, from these thoughts. He continued, growing more intense, "Man's unending desires are really one unrecognized desire for the One Thing which will really satisfy him. He seeks to satiate himself in every possible way, but only finds that the sweeter the honey seems at first, the greater the nausea after he has consumed a great quantity. At last, in one desperate effort for happiness, he throws off all self-restraint and abandons himself wholly to his lower natures. Broken, and embittered by a crowing disappointment in this last mad plunge, he pauses, and, moved by Ovid's:

'And though the other animals behold
The earth with drooping heads, to man the gods
Did give a countenance exalted and
A head uplifted. Thus to contemplate
The heavens was he given mandate, and
To lift a face exalted towards the stars.'

he raises his head to the skies, and asks why this command; and a voice answers: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit. Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice; and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

Ted reeled, under the effect of his emotion, was silent for a moment, then fairly gasped, "'Thou hast made us for Thyself O Lord, and restless are our hearts until we rest in Thee'. We were not made for the world as the rest of the animals, and the world can never satisfy us. Why then should I be troubled for its goods more than is necessary? Contentment is the only happiness here. Life is short, and at the best is full of thorns. Even a pagan could see it, while I, a Christian, for so long have been unconscious of the meaning of his words:'

'For the gods seclude those souls who ne'er will
Perish. So for them it may be hard
To live, but blessed when they come to die.'

I will write my refusal tonight."

A peculiar quiet seemed to Ted to pervade the very air, as he arose and started for home with his herd, along the banks of the murmuring stream, which flowed over the rocks with a babbling as of the Glocken speil. Across the fields, the village bells tolled the Angelus. In a little clump of blackberry bushes, a Vesper Sparrow was letting the last liquid notes of his night prayer fall effortlessly from his fluttering throat; and the glowing sun lay down to slumber in the hills.

A week passed, and Ted thought no more of his Uncle, happy in his new realization of a happiness which no one can take away.

One day to his surprise an answer came from his Uncle:

Dear Ted:

I hope I did not scandalize you with that shameful proposal. I merely wished to test the type of character produced by the College. Enclosed is a check for $10,000 for yourself. I am giving a large endowment to the College because of you.

Yours truly,
Uncle John.

Ted only muttered, "And all these things shall be added unto you!"

—William Most '32

A Sonnet on Disinterest

I saw a little freshman bright
Who seemed so very hard at work,
It was a thing which at the sight
I felt an envy in me lurk,
For I had int'rest too at first.
I liked to hit the Honor Roll;
It pained me much when I was worst
In striving for the higher goal.
But like a steed who in his prime
Of racing round the curved course
Superbly does toward laurels climb
And runs with ev'ry ounce of force,
But later on he loses zest
As does the student at his best.

—John Zwack '32

A SON OF THE SOIL

Five years I worked in sun and shower,
From early morn till late at night.
Five years I fought against the hour,
When I must leave my heart's delight.
But all in vain! With cunning stealth,
As Fate decreed, the dread day came.
With Failing health and lack of wealth,
I played a fierce but losing game.
And now, although I aim to learn
The hardened ways of urban men,
I still find times when spirits yearn
For gentle solitude. 'Tis then
My fancy returns to those days of toil,
For at heart I'm still—a son of the soil.

—Walter Tekippe '32

TRAINS

Formerly, I have looked upon railroad trains as extremely boresome—a necessary evil through which one must pass in order to be transported from place to place. I have boarded and alighted from them all my life, and frankly I must confess, that up till now, I was slightly, if any, enlightened by the experience. But now they are different—they are no longer vague and lifeless—they are filled with interest and vitality.

There is something unique and romantic about trains. When I go home each Christmas my brain is busily at work. I find delightful pastime in watching the various facial expressions of those within the train, and those who always congregate on every platform. I may appear odd, but when I mount a home-bound train I unloose all the reins to my imagination, sit back and relax. As I ride along my mind is open to impressions. How many thousands of men and women alight daily from them; yet consider each passenger's state of mind! Is it turbulent or tranquil? For some the train ride guarantees gaiety, contentment and joy. For others it is an offering of misery; while still for others (the minority) it is just another experience. It isn't just the passenger who is subject to these sentiments—it's the expectant friend at the end of the journey. It's Mother or Father, who with jubilant spirit, listen to the sharp whistle of the locomotive as it glides down the glistening rails. What inexpressible happiness is theirs—for a Christmas reunion has been made possible.

In contrast I fix my gaze upon a depressing scene—a party of relatives who stand in lonely vigil near the station's pebbled walk. I am able, no longer, to invent excuses for their distressed countenances. A shrill, echoing scream jabs the very heart of the frosted air. Steaming and lurching the Monster of the Night swerves around the bend. Another blast cries out, as a blinding head-light illumines the dull black night. Soon, clanging bells, slackened speed, tightened brakes, and a belch of steam bring the puffing engine to an abrupt stop. The forlorn group advance toward the coach, and with muffled tones guided the travelers into the night. Could it be possible that cruel Death had snatched a Father or Mother?

What about the man who travels at will? Who is there to greet him? Perhaps he is a traveling man who finds adventure equally in new surroundings or familiar sections.

When I see the Giants of the Rails approach I know that someone is made happy or depressed. Isn't this in itself food for thought? Ever since I can remember I have thought of the passenger train as Life—just ordinary Life. My neighbor across the aisle is the innocent object of my thought. What are his troubles? What is he thinking about? Is his trouble simple like mine? While turning this over in my mind, my body is slung to the window, as the locomotive grinds to a halt. It is now that my idea of the train as life is more forcibly brought home to me. A young man enters the ranks of passengers. I mused, "—— the train of life —— it halts —— a young man enters——he rides for a few miles perhaps, then his station is called out, he gets off——." Aren't we all passengers of Life—we ride for awhile until our time is up, then silently leave? Some ride for hundred of miles——others, a few. When we get off as aged travelers, others ——innocent babies——get on.

—Richard Sweeney '32

Third Prize Story--The Wages of Sin

Suffocating, oppressive blackness, a typical London night with more than its full quota of the widely celebrated London fog.

Two sharp pin-points of light vainly attempted to pierce the Stygian darkness and fog with their feeble rays. They denoted the position of a huge imported Markham, crawling snaillike over the treacherously slippery highway. The tapered nose of its engine thrust itself slowly forward, cautiously feeling its way even as a mole might seek out his burrow hidden away in a labyrinth of runways underground. The rear part of the car's elongated, stream-lined body could be seen only as a dark shadow silhouetted against the dense fog that hung like a mantle of ether over the whole rural countryside. Suffocating, oppressive blackness.

Over the steering wheel, his face barely discernable by the shadowing light from the dashboard, sat the hunched figure of a man. His clean-shaven face was thrust eagerly forward, eyes narrowed in a vain attempt to pierce that impenetrable, sticky vapor. The fitful glowing of a cigarette that hung from his tight-pressed lips denoted an intense nervousness. "God! couldn't something move the damn stuff!" A gloved hand jerked impulsively at the windshield cleaner. Outside he could hear the adhesive sucking noise of the tires that only served to accentuate the otherwise unearthly quiet of the night.

Nervous? Yeah! But how could a guy keep his wits about him with ten thousand pounds (£10,000) in Bank of England notes tucked away in his inside coat pocket. Lord! what a night for a job like this! Could have lifted it on practically any other night within the last two weeks. Fool that he was! Always waiting till the last minute. Well, it was the last chance he had, for tomorrow Spearman would return home and the notes would have been removed to one of the London banks. That would have necessitated a bank robbery and involved the help of an accomplice. As it was, the job had been done alone.

It had been neatly planned. A simple case of breaking into the wall safe (he had definitely determined its location on a previous visit to the house under the guise of an interior decorator) and making a run for the coast, where he could easily board any one of the outgoing trans-Atlantic steamers. An altogether easy job. Nothing messy either. He hadn't had to put to sleep any one of the servants. They hadn't bothered him at all.

Funny, now that he came to think of it. Why hadn't they? Surely he had made noise enough to waken them when he had unwittingly stumbled over that dining room chair. God! could they have heard him and had sense enough not to come blundering down. In that case Scotland Yard might already be tagging his tail. He glanced nervously back. No good. He couldn't see them anyway.

The car jolted and bumped. He swung it back onto the asphalt, softly cursing his inability to see even the edge of the road. The fog seemed to weigh down upon him, pressing in on all sides. His very thoughts seemed to come with difficulty, and his inability to pierce the blackness for more than a few feet in front of the powerful headlights but served to accentuate his nervousness and irritability. His fingers impatiently tapped the steering wheel, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he controlled an insistent desire for speed. Speed! If he could only press down upon the accelerator for just a minute it would relieve this acute tenseness. He knew, however, that such a thing would be sheer folly.

He must be hitting higher country now. Yes, he could faintly discern the white, wire fence that marked the edge of the up-hill road. Just a little higher up and he would be out of this infernal fog.

Suddenly he was out of it. With a gusto he stepped up the machine till the steady hum of its powerful motor denoted a speed of some seventy miles an hour. The car's beacon headlights played fitfully over the highway. He was doing eighty now, and the wind whistled through the one open window, bringing with it the invigorating salt tang of the ocean air.

Then with a suddenness that was disconcerting a sharp report rang out. The front tire. The steering wheel was wrenched from his grasp. The car skidded dizzily, then careened over onto its side and plunged down the steep precipice. Oblivion.

The occupant of the car came to with a start. With difficulty he realized what had taken place. There was an intense pounding in his head and his right leg felt numb. An effort to raise himself sent an excruciating pain all the way up his side. Slowly he came to the realization that he was pinned beneath the huge Markham. In vain he tried to dislodge himself, only to fall back, finally, exhausted.

A blunt something prodded his back. With his right hand he felt of its entire surface. A dull, cold, steel surface. What was it? Tracks! Railroad tracks! The terrible fact seared his brain like hot molten slag.

God! did he imagine it or did he really feel a vibration? He twisted his body around till he could press his ear to the track. Yes, it was true! Even now a train was approaching. The horrible truth paralyzed his every nerve. Then, in a terrible frenzy, he renewed his efforts to extricate himself, till he again fell back, utterly exhausted and panting like a spent dog.

Who-o-o! He could hear it now, the long drawn whistle. Within less than five minutes it would bear down upon him, dealing its ruthless destruction to all that lay in its path.

He lay there dazed, a cold damp sweat beginning to break out on his forehead. A muttered groan escaped his lips and his arms were flung wide in a gesture of helpless-despair.

A sudden flash of hope! The bank notes! If he only had a match he could pull the trick yet. Greedily he snatched out the notes and then with shaking hands hurriedly ran through his coat pockets; they yielded but two matches. Plainly now he could hear the long and two shorts of the engine's whistle as it signalled for the curve up ahead. If he could only make a sizable enough fire to signal the engineer. He cared little for the notes themselves now. The first match sputtered, caught, then as suddenly went out.

With a deafening roar the engine burst around the curve, its blinding head light focused on the track ahead. Take it easy now! Got to time this right. Mess this up and it means the end.

Nervously he clutched the remaining match, then struck it on the rail. His breath came in short, panting gasps and his head swam dizzily. Carefully he cupped his shaking hands about the weak flame, then cautiously moved it toward the small pile of bank notes. For a moment it flickered fitfully, then burst forth again. God! if he could only make it. Just a little more now.

A sharp gust of wind. The flame trembled, burst forth for a moment with renewed life, then flickered wanly, died——

—Lawrence Theisen '33.

GROWN UPS

Late one Sunday morning, as two boys were trodding through the woods, one suddenly inquired of the other:

"What are grown ups?"

"Why, you dumb-thing, don't you know?"

"No. What are they?"

"Well . . . a' . . . a', well, they're big people. Your daddy and mine are grown ups. You see, they're grown ups because they can smoke cigars, sit up late, drive a car, carry lots of money, go hunting and almost any thing."

"Would I be a man if I could smoke a cigar without becoming sick?"

"Naw. You're too little, and besides, you have to lick your children when they're bad and you couldn't even lick me."

"I could."

"Prove it."

"Well—grown ups don't fight on Sundays, and I guess I won't."

—Dean Smith '35

"Spring"

Winter doffs her heavy wrap;
The trees are drawing up their sap.
The birds are busy on the wing;
'Tis just another sign of spring.

Rugs and carpets on the line—
You can bet it's cleaning time.
I don't like that sort of thing
'Tis just another sign of spring.

Our home is in an awful mess;
It's all torn up—I must confess
I hate the job such cleaning brings,
'Tis just another sign of spring.

Screens to be hung; floors to be polished!
If cleaning house could be abolished,
We men would all arise and sing
A welcome to the coming spring.

—Kenneth Callaghan '33

On Smoking A Pipe

I have smoked a pipe for three years and still continue to do so. Some people tell me that this is why I am so short — only six feet and two inches tall.

I smoke a pipe, first because I enjoy the cool, soothing fragrance of a good briar pipe filled with that wonderful, smooth Velvet tobacco. (I would have you know also that not one penny was paid to me for this endorsement). Then, too, when I am walking, it, as Shakespeare would say, serves me in the office of a walking stick in that I have something to carry in my hand and fumble with. In fact I am so used to reaching for my pipe when smoking at any time that on rare occasions when some kind-hearted fellow gives me a cigarette, I light it, and reach to take my pipe out of my mouth only to put the palm of my hand against the lighted end of the cigarette.

But perhaps the most important reason for my smoking a pipe is because of its economy. Cigarettes would not be too hard on my pocketbook because I haven't a pocketbook simply because I have nothing to carry in one. My tobacco costs me nothing because my father buys it by the pound and I help myself.

I also smoke a pipe because I believe that when properly and moderately smoked a pipe is not as harmful to a person as cigarettes, for the stem and the nicotine-catcher stop much of the narcotic. Besides a pipe-smoker usually relaxes when smoking while a cigarette-smoker is usually tense because cigarettes are frequently smoked very hurriedly. A cigarette does not give that satisfaction that a good pipe does and therefore a cigarette-consumer usually smokes more.

This depression has been a big boost for pipe-smoking because the unemployed have had to cut down expenses. A fellow has to puff more on a pipe to get it lit well and keep it going and so does not inhale as much as from a cigarette. This also causes him to enjoy it more since he is working for what he gets. The average pipe-smoker does not smoke nearly as much as the average cigarette-smoker but frequently gets more enjoyment out of his smoking.

There are different ways of smoking a pipe, and the way in which a pipe is smoked affects its taste. If, for instance, a pipe is never smoked more than halfway down it becomes strong because the nicotine is soaked up in the bottom of the bowl and after a short time the pipe begins to taste terrible. The best way, I have found, is to smoke a pipe to the bottom or until all the tobacco has at least turned black, and the pipe begins to whistle.

The best time to smoke a pipe or to smoke anything is when a person has plenty of time and is not excited, tired or nervous. One should completely relax and he will enjoy his smoke more. I get most enjoyment out of smoking my pipe in the evening when I have completed my school-work and can lean back in the easy chair, puff gently on the old briar, and watch the blue smoke curl slowly upward under the lamp-shade and out at the top.

—Franz Lohberg '32

AM MEER

"The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst, no worse, if imagination amend them."—Shakespeare.

The piano in solitude I sat beside

I. One morn in solitude I sat beside
The piano, great Apollo's boon, deep wrapt
In thought, for willed I then to write a verse.
"O Muse", I 'gan, and hoped for help divine,
"Do help me now as once of old thou didst
"The Greeks, who froze a mighty mood of man
"In senseless marble, Virgil too, so mild,
"Who sang of wraths so cruel as could in minds
"Of gods reside. O tune my heart to feel
"Such things as those the bards of old have sung."
And thus to me the Muse in accents now
Long dead: "O fool and sage! didst think to wake
"The lyre as mighty Virgil did in days
"Of fabled gods, Alas! for those dear days,
"Sweet ages, now they all are gone; and I
"Must silent be, for one now rules supreme
"Who greater far than I, must ever be;
"And though I still live on by their great hands,
"I yet must bow beneath his sceptre grand,
"O'er whom you hold domain. O foolish one!
"But order give to these your slaves, and far
"More wondrous things than Homer dreamt, you shall
"Behold". As when in lands whose tribes the sun
To rise on them alone firm held, that orb
Eclipsed as if by dragon swallowed, these
Were left to stare in wonder, stupefied,
With dazzled eyes in dark; so when the sight
Of him who guided Virgil quickly from
My eyes was snatched, I stood in wonder, nor
A little was I stunned, the light now gone.

II. Then rising from my stupor, I obeyed
As he commanded, picked from out my books
Of music, stately themes, composed beside
The sea by Schubert; then I chose six slaves,
Half black, half white, and pressed them to their task.
As in the land adjacent to the spot,
Of which 'tis told our furthest sires at first
Were placed, the magic carpet carried men
From out the present prose to specious lands
Of wonder, such as those the Phoenix strange
Inhabits, or as once the poet frail
O'er looked through, "magic casements opening on
"The foam of perilous seas in faery lands
"Forlorn"; so mighty tones and pond'rous took
Me from the haunts of men, and left me by
The shore, beside the ocean, where the waves
In pride of majesty attack the cold
And heartless rocks, and breaking fall back pure,
As men superb are thrown by God on rocks,
To turn back purified and mild. With mighty
Roar, the vast and boundless crashed, and wild
Winds ripped and lashed the waves to foam, and raised
Them, towers mighty, moaning sadly towards
The sullen vault o'er head which mocking made
Reply, and showing potence awful, hid
Apollo's orb, while Jove in ired reproach
From high Olympus hurled his bolt, and Thor
Derisive laughed. And now the boiling sea
From lowest depths upheaved in swirl and snarl,
And raged, as when in Patmos Blessed John
Beheld, "the sea give up its dead", and now
There lifts a shaggy head nearby from 'neath
The waves, and Triton with his wreathed horn
Sends solemn call and clear, across the deep
And murky blackened waters; not unlike
As Neptune once with injured reign did curse,
"Quos ego—" sending terror in the tribe
Which Juno unrelenting sent to wreck
Aeneas pious. Thus the waves once wild,
And whining winds at his last note did calm
And tranquil now become; and waters 'gain
With boundless roar roll on as ever have
They surged since God o'er them began to move.

III. And now these mighty notes of wonder o'er
I sat, in spell held fast, nor soon awoke
From such a sight. But when I roused, I dared
Within me fondly think to write my dreams;
But ere I took my pen, the Muse in tones
Reproachful, thus: "O fool, nor could the Blest
Augustine solve, on earth the God Triune,
Nor canst thou hope to write with pen of man
The mystery of that only art which God's
High will has sent to man, a boon in grief,
A gem let drop from His celestial home.

—William Most '32

The Dinner

It was a terrible night. About that all the passengers of the 5:20 subway agreed. The rain was coming down in sheets, driven by the wind against the unprotected. John Gill had had an extra hard day at the office and had made the resolve that under no conditions would he leave his home tonight. He left the subway at the appointed station and walked the three blocks in the rain to his home.

As he entered his domicile, John was greeted by his affectionate wife. His glumness soon disappeared under her gay bantering about his office and work. When he was in good humor again, she said, "John, dear, don't you think you had better begin to dress for that dinner at the Blakes?"

"What dinner? Oh, that one! But Mary, I feel so tired I couldn't enjoy myself. Couldn't you tell them one of us is sick?"

"You remember, though, that we promised them a week ago that we would be sure to come, and we couldn't very well not go now."

"I can tell you how it will be already," said John. "We sit around and politely talk about the weather, prohibition, and politics. Then everyone goes into the dining room where you try to look cheerful amidst all the boring small talk. After the dinner is finished, we go out and again talk about the weather, prohibition and politics. Mary, I've done that so often there is no more enjoyment in it."

"Now, John, go ahead and get dressed like a good little boy. I'm all ready."

She seated herself in a commodious chair that was a gift from her mother.

"But, Mary, I don't want to go. In fact I don't know why I should go. We have lots of work to do tomorrow, and I don't want to be all tired out."

Mary bowed her head a little and her hands slid from the arms of the chair into her lap.

"Well, I suppose that since I have to go, I might as well start to dress."

He went upstairs with a heavy tread. After looking for cuff-links he cried down, "Oh, Mary, where are my cuff-links?"

There was no answer.

"All right, then," he thought, "if you can be angry so can I."

But Mary had not heard his question, nor did she hear the patter of the rain against the window. She was dead.

—William Fosselman 32

PERSEVERANCE

"Once a thing is started, stick it out." This is the hint every man of courage will give to you. If you are building a bird house or a Roshek building, stick!

If you promise to abstain from something, don't become a jelly fish without a backboone and give in to your craving.

Christ persevered in teaching his religion while often times his race abused him. It is the aim of Columbia to help every boy to acquire this habit and if you want to see if they succeeded. . . . well, look at the Seniors.

—Dean Smith '35.

Drugstore Fantasia

I have eaten in a drugstore. Yes, I know that Nature had intended that Man should eat in sane places called restaurants, but in me, as in all males, the spirit of adventure often bursts forth. I had just come from a football game, and the spirit of victory was surging in my veins. I couldn't celebrate victory in a normal manner. No. Why, I had even annexed one of those raccoon coat girls who are in abundance at every football game. She also was jubilant. Like the children of Browning's poem, we followed the Pied Piper (in this case, the crowd) into a drugstore.

I tried with difficulty to ascend one of those young steel stepladders which are called drugstore seats. My companion conquered her mount with grace achieved from long practice, and then helped me up to my seat, much to my embarrassment. You know, women shouldn't make a display when they are assisting men; it isn't diplomatic. Men love to believe they are the stronger sex, even though they know otherwise.

I retaliated by exerting my masculinity and asking the counter boy, in a loud voice, what he had to offer.

"We have 'Chow Mein Special' today", he said.

"Never", I objected. "It's terrible."

"No, it isn't. It's made special for us. There's chopped-up chicken and celery and a sort of gelatin which melts in your mouth—"

"And half-cooked onions", interrupted my companion.

"I want pure, simple food for a country boy from Dubuque", I entreated.

"Chicken soup", suggested our host.

"Is it real?" doubted my companion.

"Real enough. Say, where do you think you are? This ain't Dubuque", and with a few quick motions it was before us, an ample portion, canned rice, grease and all.

"Now, what will you eat?"

"A sandwich."

"Open, Sesame", he chanted as he began to construct his masterpiece. With two flourishes he had cut off two thin slices of white bread and placed them in the toaster. Soon they were out again, slightly scarred with brown, then butter crunching through the crisp surfaces as he spread it plentifully; then he swathed it with a pink layer of ham.

"So far, so good", I observed, and we both shifted positions watching him.

"Now goes the cheese, Swiss", and he placed two slices on top of the ham, its pink eyes learing out through the holes in the cheese.

"Then what?" queried the "sweet young thing."

"Relish", said our counter-boy, sprinkling the pale yellow service liberally with green chopped pickles. "And now dressing", said he. "What kind do you want—Thousand Island, Russian or mayonnaise?"

"It looks crowded already", I commented.

"It ain't. Don't you know good cooking when you see it?"

"I guess not".

"Go on. Try it just this once", he urged.

"Then stop right now and put a cover on it".

He complied, cut the mammoth quadrangle into four portions and placed it before me. "Taste it. How do you like it?" He surveyed me with suspended, pleasant anticipation.

"It doesn't taste like ham—and it doesn't taste like cheese — and it doesn't taste like toast. All I can taste is chopped pickle."

The boy's face fell—"Give it a chance—"

At this point three young girls hurdled their seats and shouted their orders. Such weird sandwiches as were swiftly made before our eyes: cream cheese and jelly with chopped pickle, whole heads of lettuce wtih nuts and very liquid mayonnaise, peanut butter with anchovy paste, chopped figs and olives with sliced apples, all tossed about with wanton abandon on toast and served with chocolate malted milks.

In silence and rapture we watched. Then I turned to observe my other companions. Drama is sitting next to me. Drama of love, hate, envy, suspense, rivalry, all sitting next to me and behind me. Art coming in for prosaic Listerine, an actor seeking dog biscuits, a truck driver demanding a pipe, a mother buying a baby's bottle, and a girl with run down heels wanting a make-up box—the whole store filled with people from all quarters of the world and all walks of life, gathered for some unknown reason in this corner of a turbulent Chicago street. If we all were to speak aloud, what an exciting interlude in our lives it would be! What a subject for a play by Elmer Rice or a poem by Carl Sandburg!

Yet, it was not the bitter Drama of O'Neill, nor the Romantic of Shakespeare, nor the whimsical of Barrie or Milne. It was neither the dark and dreary side of life nor our civilization at its best. It was plain Life, every day, work-a-day Life. It was Life as we find it.

As we arose to leave I felt that I had spent the afternoon well, like a lord. I felt enlarged and bouyant and friend to the whole world.

—James Supple '32

A WILD ROSE

A rose among the blades of grass
Like bright star in the heaven,
Yet in your beauty you surpass
Each star by seven times seven.

A star is just a glowing fire
That was hung in the azure sky,
A rose is nature's proud attire,
And worshiped by the birds on high.

O rose, the sweetest of all flowers,
Your life is shortest of them all.
Are you too sweet to live an hour
Upon this earth 'til nature call?

—Oliver Runde '32

AN INVITATION

Here is my heart, a silent room
With bright warm fire's gav hue,
And at the side, a friendly chair
And comforts old yet new.
O knock upon the door and see
The love I have for you,
And warm before my friendly fire
As only you may do.
For hours go on and time is fleet,
Life speeds on, sad or gay;
So stop within my room with me
And rest till end of day.

—James Supple '32

Sleeping Over

One Friday night I was determined to spend the next morning in bed—anyplace just so it was a bed. I went to sleep with the resolution that I, the said John Jordon, would sleep over in the dorm.

When morning came, I was still in the mood to sleep over. My mind was set on sleeping over; and God, love, nor money would stop me. The first bell rang.

"You had better get up," said a little voice.

"No, you stay in bed and sleep over," interrupted a second voice.

I listened to the second voice. The five minute bell rang. Doubts began to arise in my mind. But then perhaps he (Dean of Discipline) would not check up, or maybe he would not miss me. Then there was the chance that he would not get done with his Mass in time to check up. I was willing to run that chance. The last bell rang and all seemed well.

The first little voice told me, "You're in for it now."

"Go to sleep—you're safe, and he won't check up now because the last bell has rung", argued the second little voice.

I heard a queer noise—something between the stamp of an elephant and the thundering herd, and then I realized that it was the Dean of Discipline. I was right, for presently I heard a strange thud of a body on the floor. To be exact it was the pull of gravity, times the force downward, times the acceleration per second, per second, that sent the poor unfortunate to his doom on the floor.

I learned that the Dean of Discipline had decided to check up and was after those that had skipped chapel. Immediately thoughts of excuses arose in my mind. The old "sick gag" seemed to be the best on the spur of the moment.

I heard footsteps approaching. A hand pulled aside the curtain of my bunk. The D. of D. stuck his head in.

"What's wrong with you? Why aren't you in chapel?"

Mustering the sickest look possible, I answered in a weak, shaky voice, "Father, I'm sick."

"Uh, Huh," a doubtful look came into his eyes. "What is wrong with you?"

"I have a terrible pain in my stomach, and my head feels as if someone was holding a triphammer against it."

A twinkle seemed to appear in his doubtful eyes. (I thought then that I was mistaken but now I fear that it was true.)

"Well," quoth he, "since you're so sick you had better go over to the infirmary"; then he added, "I'll call up the Sister and tell her that you are coming."

I was met at the door by a kindly Sister.

"So this is the sick boy, is it?"

"Yes, Sister."

"Well, well, come right in. You had better get undressed immediately and get in bed."

"But, Sister, I don't feel that sick now. I think that an aspirin would fix me up just fine."

"Oh, no, you had better get in bed and I'll bring down your medicine in a few minutes."

Recognizing a stronger will, I frowningly obeyed. In a few moments Sister arrived with a bottle and a little glass.

"Now drink this."

I decided to argue, "But, Sister I — — — ".

"Hurry up and drink this, immediately."

Reluctantly I obeyed and instantly found out that of all things, it was castor oil! ! ! ! ! !

"Now take these pills."

Without a word I followed her instructions.

After that I murmured, "Sister, I am not sick now, I sure will be soon." I rolled over to look out the window and think.

All of a sudden a bright light appeared out of the mist: "I bet this was a frame up. He (the of D.) decided that if I was sick it would not hurt me, and if I was it would teach me a lesson. If that isn't a dirty trick, I never saw one. Well I will never give him a chance to pull this one on me again. He sure has a misplaced sense of humor.

I wonder what the guys will be doing down town this afternoon— — — — ? ? ?"

—John Jordan

MY TALENT

God gave me one little talent,
'Twas all that He chose to spare
But I have kept it, and polished it
And cherished it with care.

Some day He will need just a fragment
To finish some great piece of art
And then He will find my tiny talent
Will be that last little part.

—James Supple '3

The Death of Abraham Lincoln

Above the peals of vict'ry's bell,
Amid the shouts and wild elation,
Came one discord, the last sad knell
For him who fought to save a nation.
How sad that he to death must go
Just when he most was needed here
To calm the heart of friend and foe
And weld anew the bond so dear.
But Ah! It was a short swift end
To days of toil and nights of pain.
Why should he wish to live anew?
His work was done. The Lord did send
The boon of death that he might gain
Eternal peace, so justly due.

—Walter Tekippe '32

ODE TO THE ANCIENT SHOT TOWER

Lone sentinel of days gone by,
Rejected as a thing of old;
Would that you tell us, ere you die
The secrets that as yet you hold.

O mighty monarch of the past,
Proud remnant of the days of yore;
Will you preserve them till the last,
Thou sentry of the city's door?

Speak fast! the time is growing brief
Decay is gnawing at thy base;
While creeping vines with poison leaf
So furtively enshroud your face.

Thus, lofty tower of ancient birth,
For hidden knowledge we implore;
Impart to us thy woes and mirth
Or stay thy speech forever more.

—Delbert Ludwig '3

Tennis Players Plan Tourney

During the past week there has been considerable work done to recondition the tennis courts for the coming season. The courts have all been resurfaced with crushed stone and new tapes have been laid.

The tennis club of last year has been reorganized with 43 members, who are all going to participate in the tennis tournament which, according to schedule, should have gotten under way the latter part of this week.

Horseshoers Pitch

The horseshoe pitchers have been out tossing ringers for the last few weeks. Two new horseshoe courts are being made, and if they are ready for use next week the tournament will begin at that time.

MINOR LEAGUE RESULTS

2C vs. 1C. 2C by virtue of a late inning rally won a 7 to 4 decision. Kiefer banged out 3 hits.

1B was swamped by 2A's wallops. J. Weldon of 1B and R. Sanders of 2A starred.

Kinney of 2B pitched airtight ball and his team mates bunched hits to win 17 to 1 from 1C.

2C vs. 1A. The bell clinched the game for 2C by a score of 8 to 3. McCollins and Heying got 4 hits each.

2A vs. 1C. Haley's fielding and Brown's pitching paved the way to a victory for 2A. Score 15 to 4.

2C vs. 1B. 2C hit timely to win a fast game 3 to 0. Juergens of 2C and Geisler of 1B pitched well.

2B vs. 1B. Kinney fanned 10 while 2B slugged out a 9 to 1 victory. Ragatz and J. Weldon featured for 1B.

2C vs. 2A. 2A walloped the pitching of McClusky to tie the score at 9 all. Sanders of 2A was given poor support.

2B vs. 1A. 1A lost a good game by the decision of 3 to 0. Kinney of 2B was supported by hits while Moran's team mates failed at bat.

1C vs. 1B. 1B clinched a poor game with a hitting barrage that netted a victory by the score of 9 to 3.

Blue Monday

If you should by any chance ask me my opinion concerning Blue Monday, I would say that it is the most absurd thing ever accredited to a nation that supposedly has intellectual ability. For what reason should a nation with any degree of intelligence say that a fixed day differs from another in any way except in climatic conditions

Some will say: "Over Saturday and Sunday we make whoopie, but on Monday we again face another long week of school, or perhaps, work, not at school, of course, but as business men and laborers." Oh boy! we should feel glad that we have some occupation and aren't sitting around half dead with cold and hunger. The people who have to do that could justly call Monday, Blue Monday, but as far as that's concerned, every day is Blue Monday to them. However there is one class I can truthfully say is happy, when a new week comes around and that class is the members of a winning football team who like to explain how they did it.

Housewives have been quoted as saying: "Monday is blue Monday because Monday is wash day." If that isn't ridiculous when all that is necessary now in having your clothes bathed is simply calling 6000 (Lorenz) and telling them to have a driver call for the washing. Nothing blue about that is there? What other class could call Monday blue Monday? Do you know? I don't.

But still what is the opinion of our dear professors concerning blue Monday? In all probability they feel glad that they will again be given a chance to rule supreme over such a group of stalwart boys as those of Columbia academy.

—Jack Sharon '33

Cretzmeyer Shifts Lineup For Balance

Sends Streff To The Backfield; Schneider To Tackle

Sir John Cretzmeyer, Master Mind of Columbia Academy Athletic teams for the past eleven years, used some of the strategy for which he is well known and shifted two of the Gubs' last year stars in an effort to balance the team in both weight and speed.

The first change was the moving of Bill Streff, former tackle, to the backfield where his weight and power will be far more valuable than in the line. The big gap left in the line by his removal caused Cretzmeyer to make another change; he moved co-captain Jean Schneider from guard to tackle.

These two moves radiate strategy for they cannot help but make the Gubs 1932 team more powerful. It is also thought that a third shift envolving the two crack centers, McClusky and Keller, will be made, but only time will tell.

These are the outstanding developments in the spring football training now in progress but with the promise of scrimmage in a short while, those enterested will be able to determine just what kind of a football team Coach Cretzmeyer will place on the field next fall.

Academy Boys Umpires In City School Leagues

Eighteen Academy boys have been chosen to act as umpires for the Junior and Senior Parochial Grade School Baseball Leagues.

Those for the Junior League are: Harry Ryan, Melvin Nicks, Harold Pinger, Jean Schneider, Carl Weitz, Charles O'Connor, John Elmer, and Elmer Welter.

For the Senior League: Micky McDonald, Joe Lacke, Pete Propsom, Bernard Schmit, John O'Brien, Jerome Weldon, James Fitzgerald, James Coleman, Theodore Tracy and Gilbert Richards.

Most of the boys have had previous experience in umpiring.

A Common Habit

"I hereby sentence you to ninety-nine years in the state penitentiary. Have you anything to say to the court?"

"Well, I guess you're pretty liberal with another man's time."

Kiwanis Entertain Basketeers

The basketball teams of the Academy and of Senior High were feted by the Kiwanis Club at its regular meeting last Monday noon.

Talks were given by the respective coaches, John Cretzmeyer and Duane Wilson, whose teams set such similar records—champions in their own districts, but losing in state competition.

MAJOR LEAGUE RESULTS

In the first game of the year 4B got off to a good start by administering a 6 to 2 defeat to 4A. Micky McDonald starred both in field and at bat.

The first game between the third academics resulted in a decisive 19 to 6 victory for 3B over 3A. The 3B team scored at will and the outcome was never in doubt.

The 3C team scored a surprise 6 to 2 victory over 4C's supposedly strong team. John Elmer's pitching was outstanding.

In the close slugfest 4A nosed out the strong 3B team by the score of 12 to 10. Schloemer with two homeruns won the merit for the day.

The strong 4B team, scoring at will, decisively defeated the 3C team by the overwhelming margin of 20 to 1. 3C fielded raggedly.

In a game full of arguments and mixups, 4C defeated 3A by the score of 11 to 4. About five 4C runs didn't count because of that team batting out of order.

In a snappy, well played game 4A won by the close score of 5 to 1 over the oft defeated 3c team. Schloemer's pitching was the highlight of the game.

The 3B team upheld the honor of the third academics by winning from 4C by the close score of 7 to 5. This victory broke a long losing streak for the third academics.

The 4B team continued their victory march by adding 3B to their growing string of victories, winning by the score of 11 to 2.

In the closest and most interesting game of the entire season 4C just barely nosed out 4A by the score of 2 to 1. The feature of the game was the brilliant pitching displayed by Schloemer and Nicks.

The 3B team beat the 3c team 6 to 3 in a fast, well played game. Bradly's homerun in a crisis was the feature of this interesting game.

Monogram Club Stages Basketball Luncheon

"Turn the gymnasium into a dining room." The Monogram club proved itself athletic even in its meals when the members adopted the above motto for the get-together luncheon which the club staged Thursday evening in honor of the basketball men.

During the festivities, monograms were given to eleven of the twelve boys who had merited them in basketball: Captain James McDonald, Robert Ernsdorff, Henry Schloemer, John Corpstein, Harry Ryan, Peter Propsom, Charles O'Connor, Gilbert Richards, William Streff, Robert Czizek and Elmer Welter.

Melvin Nicks, first string forward was prevented by sickness from being present at the formal presentation.

Champions Crowned In Boxing Tourney

Profits Go To Milk Fund And Catholic Charities

Crash! Bang! Thud! 1-2-3 -- and the finals of the boxing tournament were underway on Thursday evening at 8:00. The bout of Powers and Gavin, in the 85 lb. division, was the first fight on the card. Both exhibited good boxing skill but Gavin was given the decision.

In the next bout "Swede" Sherman defeated "Bobo" Baxter for the 100 lb. championship. "Swede" is swift as lightning on his feet and packs a nice punch.

Murphy Proves A Slugger

The next fight was in the 112 lb division. There was plenty of action as Springlemeyer and Murphy stood on their toes and slugged it out. At the end of the mixing both boys were exhausted. Murphy, the winner, has a powerful right that is not to be laughed at.

Others Show Skill

In the 118 lb. class Kinney and Juergens exhibited some real boxing. Kinney was given the decision.

"Andy" Balk defeated John O'Brien of Dubuque in the 126 lb. division.

"Otto" Donahue was defeated by Wm. Fosselman in the 136 lb. class. Both boys were game and put on a good bout.

Meyer Has Punch

In the 145 lb. class Vern Meyer K. O'D. Tom Kirk in the second round. This is the third knock out Meyer has dealt out in the boxing tournament.

In the 160 lb. division Joe Lacke defeated "Popeye" McCabe. The fight was rather slow due to Joe's superiority.

Harry Ryan defeated Oliver Runde for the light-heavyweight crown. The fight was quite even up to the third round in which Ryan conclusively proved that he was the better man.

In the heavyweight division "Ray" Crubel won over "Dimples" Schloemer.

Summary of Prelimns

The results of the boxing tournament up to the finals were:

85 lb. division—Powers defeated C. Baxter.

100 lb. division—Sherman defeated Farrell.

112 lb. division—Murphy defeated Norton; Springlemeyer defeated Klass.

118 lb. division—Juergens defeated K. Schmidt.

126 lb. division—Balk defeated J. O'Brien (Boarder); McAndrews defeated F. Donahue; J. O'Brien (Dubuquer) defeated F. Becker.

136 lb. division—Fosselman defeated Nennig; E. Donahue defeated D. O'Leary.

145 lb. division—T. Kirk defeated H. Humphrey; V. Meyer knocked out J. Riley; V. Meyer knocked out J. O'Rourke.

160 lb. division—J. Lacke knocked out B. Schmidt.

In the light heavy and heavy weight divisions there were only two entries in each class.

Reversed Dining

"What makes you eat your ice cream first and your soup last?"

"My stomach's upset; so I eat my food backwards."

A DESERT NIGHT

A desert caravan slowly advanced over the shimmering sands, and, coming to an oasis, pitched camp in the shade of its gigantic date-palms. Rays of blazing sunlight converged from all points of the horizon. The deep blue sky glowed as though a canopy of molten lead covered the universe. The palm trees dropped their long leaves, as sleepy as the Arab dogs that slumbered peacefully in the cool shade beneath them. The lizards alone showed energy, scurrying about in short swift dashes, after the drowsy sand insects.

The sun sank, a blood-red orb in the west, and purple dusk enveloped all the land. Dusk merged into pitch-black darkness, and the cold, pale moon and stars cast a faint, eerie light over the whole landscape. A chill wind blew the sand (so fine it would gain entrance inside the crystal of a man's watch) lightly over the surface of the desert, filling up the little valleys, rippling the waters of the spring that flowed through the center of the camp, and gently rustling the sun-dried fronds of the palm trees. Jackals barked from a far off sand dune, filling the night air with their weird cries. There was no other sound. The arid waste of desert lay mute and mysterious with tragic potentialities.

The Arab sheik sat in his tent on a pile of cushions, a broad smile beaming on his swarthy face, and satisfaction gleaming in his eyes, watching the dancing of his seraglio women, listening to the soft music produced by his followers, and eating sweetmeats from a golden salver by his side.

As the hours flew by, the din of camp life subsided, until at last it had ceased altogether. The wanderers slept the slumber of the weary, as like unto that which only Hypnos or Somnus could produce. The Arab chieftan alone lay awake on his divan of silken pillows, his mind engrossed in deep thought concerning the responsibilities that weighed on his shoulders, as leader of his clan, the favorable desert outposts at which he intended to barter his merchandise, the colorful life he had led in the past; and his eyes gazed fixedly through the top of his tent as if analyzing the mysterious depths of Saturn.

But what a contrast is the simple night life of the desert tribemen, to the hilarious nocturnal life of the cities that fringed the desert's edge, with their alluring resorts and dives of ill-repute, the latter swarming with the foreign element gibbering in a jargon of tongues, mingled with the hoarse cries of alm-seeking beggars, which blend strangely with the unceasing shouts of peddlers vending their wares. And yet in another section of the city white-marble mosques reared, silent and ghastly in the moonlight, toward the star-encrusted heavens their lofty minarets, from the balustraded balconies of which at high noon the muezzin loudly called the followers of Mohammed to prayer.

The next morning brought forth a cold gray dawn and, shortly after, the sun rose, a red ball of fire, over the Eastern sand hills. The streets, where gaiety and merry-making had reigned, were now deserted and forlorn; the thoroughfares which had been still and silent the past few hours, were now vibrating with the life of commercialism and trade.

In the nomad camp hidden far away in the desert wastes, the scene was altogether different. Campfires proclaimed the preparing of the morning's repast, and a hustle and bustle pervaded the encampment. Paraphernalia and camping equipment were packed on the camels, their riders ascended to their places, and they proceeded over the buff and brown sand hills, toward the land of the setting sun, into the unknown.

—Delbert Ludwig '32

Library Receives Donations

The Academy Library has received donations from the Rev. I. J. Semper, from Harold Rosecrans and Joseph Luedke.

Father Semper has given books of interest to English students. Harry Rosecrans and Joe Luedke, both Columbia students, (Rosecrans being from the College and Luedke from the Academy) gave books of fiction.

The donations are appreciated by the Library.

QUILL AND SCROLL AND CATHOLIC PRESS GIVE JOURNALISM HONORS

(Continued from page 1)

Sweeney, the third member of the trio, was honored equally with the editors as the most faithful and dependable reporter on the staff.

Are First Members of Chapter

Tekippe, Lang and Most will likewise be the first Columbians to wear the badge of Quill and Scroll as well as Charter members of the Columbia chapter, whose organization was authorized just a month ago.

Lang and Tekippe, with only one year's service on the paper, did their outstanding work in the writing of editorials, for which both established a reputation. Tekippe also furnished special articles. Most, outstanding in editorial work last year, was on news assignments this year.

No date has as yet been announced for the awarding of these honors nor for the initiation of the charter members into Quill and Scroll, but the chapter will be organized soon.

FIELD MASS OPENS MUSIC WEEK HERE

(Continued from page 1)

Tuesday evening, May 3, Massed Choirs.

Wednesday, May 4, Public School Program.

Thursday evening, May 5, Dubuque Academy of Music and the Dubuque dancers.

Friday evening, May 6, Parochial High School Program.

All these, except the Public School and Dubuque Academy of Music Programs, will be at the Columbia gymnasium.

A complete schedule will have been arranged and printed by Sunday, May 1.

Mark Sanders and Edward have evidently been running into difficulties with the weaker sex during the past week. Both have, according to Dame Rumor, written several letters to Doris Blake. Tsk! Tsk!

EXCHANGES

Two new exchanges are **The Victorian** from Our Lady of Victory Academy of Waterloo, Ia., and **The Tech High Rainbow** of Atlanta, Ga.

From **The Campionette,** (Campion Academy,) Prairie du Chien: Art Kassel, with his Bismark hotel "Castles In the Air" band, introduced the new Campion school song "Roll On, Campion, Roll On!" The beautiful march was written by a Campion Scholastic, Neil P. McManus, S. J.

This "hunk o' wit" was found in **The Voice** of St. Joseph's High School, Fremont, Ohio: "Oh, Daddy," said a little lady of five as she feasted her eyes on long lines of cat tails growing luxuriously by the wayside, "Daddy," she cried, "look at the hot dog garden."

The Aquinas News of Aquinas High School, La Crosse, Wis., says in one of its editorials: Russia has a five year plan. Why not divide our year into the six weeks plan? Do the regular quota of work and everything will be O. K. Prepare now."

MUSEUM PLANS DRIVE; HAS ANCIENT PICTURE

The "Black Maria," an ancient painting of the Blessed Virgin, is the latest and most valuable addition to the collection of the Columbia Academy Museum. It dates back to the 13th century, and although the ravages of time can be seen its colors remain true. The beautiful walnut case in which it is enclosed is itself a treasure several hundred years old.

A drive has been proposed by the museum officials in which the students are especially invited to join in acquiring new articles for the museum.

For the convenience of its patrons the Museum will be open Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday of Music Week.

CLARENCE IS PRESENTED AT SAINT ROSE'S SCHOOL

"Clarence" was presented by the Academy Dramatic Club at St. Rose's School, Monday, April 18th. It was greatly enjoyed by both the Sisters and the young ladies. Between the acts John Kerper and Carl Effinger entertained the audience with their singing and playing. After the performance, a light repast was served by the Sisters.

ALUMNI

Mr. Robert Corpstein '26 spoke to both Physics classes, April 25, on radio. Mr. Corpstein is now employed as a radio expert for the Zenith Radio Co. in Chicago.

B. G. Walker '16 staged "Once in a Life Time" at the Goodman Theater in Chicago on April 15. Walker was prominent as an imitator in Columbia Dramatics.

Hello everybody!

Do you know who is checker champ?

Neither do I. Palen won the tournament. Father Loosbrock beat Palen, Schmit beat Father Loosbrock, Propsom argued Schmit out of two games—and so on ad infinitum.

Kodakers Plan Outing

May 7 was set as the date for the Kodak club's annual spring outing at a special meeting held last Tuesday.

The club has decided to go to Anamosa because of the state park there, and the club plans to make a visit to the State Prison also.

The Spring Outing has been a tradition for this organization. It is a final opportunity for cementing old friendships, for electing new officers and renewing enthusiasm in the club's hobby, Kodaking.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS

"The Secret of Lourdes" is a very singular book. Written by Stuart Martin, it gives us an insight into that wonderful place of pilgrimage where so many miraculous cures occur. Many books have been written about it, chiefly from the Catholic point of view. This author is not a Catholic and he writes as an unbiased inquirer who examined the facts for himself.

"The Newspaper Worker" is a good book for all, especially for those interested in writing. The author, James Philip McCarthy, was one of the editors of the New York Herald for twenty-five years. The book covers the whole field of journalism, magazine and descriptive writing, including practically every phase of newspaper writing.

"Generally Speaking", by G. K. Chesterton is a most practical book. It presents and explains views and opinions on golf, prohibition, movies, broadcasting, architecture, American morals, and in short on everything in which a person of today is interested.

Wastebasket

Someone has been writing letters to persons (all blondes) in this city and signing them Ackja Haransa.

"Now Jack! You're just too clever for words."

Can you imagine—

Bob Czizek in a high-chair?

John Becker back on the farm?

Gene Groff losing his curling iron?

Me receiving a contract from the Chicago Tribune?

Junior: I know a fellow who named his child Carol because she was born on Christmas day.

Senior: Why, I thought a carol was a hymn.

Ellwanger: I have had my nose broken in two places.

Poinsett: Why don't you keep away from those places?

Don't you think 1932 would be better without—

Francis Becker's shy blush?

Other column editor's trying to copy my style of writing?

Registrar (at business college): "You must pay your tuition in advance for your course in typing, sir."

G. Weimer: "Pay in advance? How do I know you can teach me anything?"

Abie Boquist, the highest bidder in the crowd, arm in arm with Lady Luck.